THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY. - - - - - - - KANSAS.

THE COMING WOMAN.

E'er since the human race began
The world has sought the coming man;
And though *he* does not yet appear,
Behold, the coming woman's here!
And who is she? And she is, please,
Bonnie baby Eloise—
Eloise from Heaven sent
To make earth for us heart's content.

Turn the broidered blanket down,
Lo, the hair of golden brown!
Such a sheen, methinks, there lies
On the gates of Paradise;
Such a tint the artist paints
In the halos round his saints—
She'll one day be a saint, God please,
Bonnie baby Eloise.

Such a deep and tender blue
In her wond'ring eyes you view;
Eyes so shy and bright, I fear
Will win lovers for the dear;
Of such eyes the poets tell,
Singing of a famous belle—
She'll never be a belle, God please,
Bonnie baby Eloise.

Little hands, does in ye lurk
Strength to do your woman's work?
Far on the wayside inn is seen,
And long the road that lies between!
Feet so tiny, were ye born
E'er to tread the briar and thorn?
God hides it all, we can but pray
Ye may not miss the narrow way.

We are happy subjects all,
Baby, of your magic thrall;
Lying prone from morn to night,
From your weakness springeth might;
When you came we gave command
To your fair but feeble hand,
Proving it is true indeed—
"Them a little child shall lead."

Bonny baby Eloise,
One great lesson teach us, please,
As we look on you the while,
Call you pure and free from guile:
Teach us, dear evangel, teach.
Preach, dear little layman, preach—
"If ye would the kingdom see
Pray ye may become like me."

—*W. H. McElroe, in N. Y. Tribune.*

NOT PLAYING POSSUM.

The Brave Act of a Scout in the Oil Regions.

Below us the brook, swollen by the recent rain, rushed turgidly through the narrow valley and swept in a long muddy curve around the distant bend in the road. The oil scout felt like talking, and I was anxious to hear him. Out of the sun, then, and supine in the soft pine shadows we lay, while he told me the story of the ruined "mystery" over in the ravine.

When all this region roundabout was as wild as that hillside, save that the larch and fir and white pine were then free to grow to their stateliest height; when the deer came fearless to drink from the brook, and the snake seldom sounded its warning rattle—that is to say, only three years ago—the gnarled old oak that stands there in the clearing, whose broad branches had sheltered the human form divine in the person of the savage Indian, fluttered its leaves in surprise one day over the venturesome head of the first oil scout to traverse these forsaken paths.

A New Englander, young and supple, with all the cunning and courage of a Yankee, he had been singled out by those whose interest it was to know the latest operations in the new territory to watch and report the developments at the "mystery," then sinking in the ravine beyond. He was fond of such adventures for the excitement's sake; he received a fixed wage, and was not prompted, therefore, to engage in his work by avarice or malevolence. And as he reclined in the grateful shade of the oak, panting from the exertion of scaling the steep hill, that sturdy old tree, unbending presently from its first surprise, fell to fanning him with its long, rustling arms, and the birds overhead warbled a tuneful greeting.

It was one of the early days of spring, and as every thing about him seemed overcome by the influence of the indolent air so the scout, forgetful of duty, lay outstretched beneath the oak dreaming of the stately elms of New Haven. When he awoke it was with the hot rays of the sun burning his upturned face, while the lazy wind was wrenching admonitory creaks from the robust branches of the tree, and leaning against its trunk stood a small child gazing compassionately upon him through violet eyes.

"Oh! you're not dead, are you?" she cried, clasping her hands and her little bosom palpitating.

"No, indeed. Don't I look alive?"

"You do now, but you didn't when you was so quiet."

This child was a wonderfully interesting thing to the scout. He hadn't talked to one for a year.

"How did you know I wasn't playing 'possum?"

"I never played that. What is it?"

He laughed and she chimed in like a silver bell, the sweetest sound the scout had heard in a long time.

"Why, to play you're asleep when you aren't." She smiled as though she didn't understand, and came and sat down by his side.

"How could you play that all alone? You didn't know I was here, did you?"

The quaint conceit amused them both, and they laughed together again, looking frankly into each other's faces.

"Tell me your name," he urged, taking one of her small hands into his large brown one, and handling it as tenderly as he would a delicate piece of lace.

"My name's Daisy; and I live with mamma and papa over there."

He dropped the hand and looked at her eagerly. "Do you know papa? I thought you didn't. No one ever comes to see us; papa won't let anybody, and mamma is awful afraid. I had a little brother once, but he died last month, and I'm all alone now, and mamma cries whenever I talk about Ossie, so papa won't let me do it any more. But I come here every day and play and think of Ossie, and oh! I get awful lonely sometimes playin' alone."

"Why do you come here Daisy?"

"Why, don't you know? Ossie's buried here. You had your head on his grave."

Now the scout made a sudden and very peculiar resolve. Perhaps he was married; anyway he must have been remarkably soft-hearted for a scout. He siezed Daisy in his arms and covered her pretty brown face with kisses. Then he said very solemnly:

"Daisy, good-bye. Some day I may come and see you again, but now I must hurry away. Only Daisy, if your father gets happy soon—that is, I mean, if he"——

"Strikes oil, do you mean?" asked she, precociously.

"Yes," laughed the scout, kissing her again and again, until she wriggled away; "yes, Daisy, if your father strikes oil and seems very glad about it you tell him that you saved him from a scout, will you? But mind, little one, don't say any thing until"——

But at this instant, when little Daisy's violet eyes were wide open with wonder and the enthusiastic scout was preparing to take a parting kiss from her cherry lips two men came from behind the great oak and as one snatched Daisy screaming to his breast, the other, pointing a pistol at the head of the scout, said, sternly:

"I could shoot you if I wished, but I've no fondness for homicide. I advise you, however, to follow that man and my daughter without resistance."

And then in this Indian file, Daisy in front, turning now and then her sorrowful eyes around to meet the tranquil smile of the scout, they skirted the hill and entered the ravine, passing through a gate in the high board fence which enclosed the derrick and rough structures about the oil well.

Here the stern-faced owner of the "mystery," directing several of his men to bind the scout—who calmly submitted to the indignity, for he saw Daisy looking down upon him from a window in the rude shanty—then had his prisoner thrust into the well-house and left to the care of the workmen. This altered his mood. So long, it seemed, as he remained within reach of Daisy's mournful eyes he had nothing but a cheerful acquiescence for his captors, until the rough oil-men, who knew him and had heard so much of his cunning and temerity, now laughed in his face and taunted him with his craven submission. But left alone he turned savagely upon them with a torrent of oaths and shamed and silenced them. Indeed, as the day declined and only the smoky gas lighted the well-house, he began to regret the weakness that had led him to thrust his neck into such a noose. When at length the owner of the well appeared before him the scout turned to curse aloud, but there was a kindlier look in the man's eye that stayed his tongue. A word to one of the men, and the ropes were loosened from around the ankles of the prisoner.

"Come with me," he said, adding, when they were in the open air, "I did not know until Daisy just told me that you had decided to give up watching us and were going away when I came upon you. I don't understand why you should have done this, and Daisy can't make it clear, either; but I will give your motive the benefit of the doubt—that is, I will give you lodging in the kitchen instead of the well-house, and such food as we have until it is time to let you go."

The scout had no objection to make against this arrrangement; he knew, on the contrary, that it would be far more convenient for him to be captured and held by the "mystery" people, than to have returned without information to his employers. So he placidly stretched himself out on the floor of the kitchen.

"Will you let me see Daisy to-morrow?" he asked.

The man frowned at him.

"You see so much of her, you know," said the scout, pleasantly; "and I don't, and I guess after this will never see her again."

"Yes, but I have a right to see her," retorted the other, wonderingly. "We shall see," and he left the room.

And that night the wildcatters along the creek knew something had happened to well No. 5. There was an explosion of natural gas at the "mystery." The frail structures within the fence—derrick, engine, well and dwelling-house—were all razed to the ground.

Little Daisy, creeping softly from her bed and stepping noiselessly down the bare stairs, had entered the kitchen and stood silently, as she had done under the great oak, looking at her big, slumbrous friend. Suddenly as he had awakened upon Ossie's grave his eyes opened and saw her and laughed.

"I'm awful sorry," she said.

"I ain't, Daisy; I'm glad."

"Are you really?"

"Really."

"Then I don't care." She came nearer and told him in a confidential whisper that in the morning she would bring him Ossie's books to look at; and then, as the moonlight coming in at the broken window gave her little white-robed form all the radiance of an angel, she finally said:

"I must go now for I didn't tell anyone I was coming down to see you, not even mamma. But I am in the little bed in the garret, right up above you; and we can play that we see each other through the floor until we fall asleep." The purest water distilled on earth had gathered to the eyes of the scout, when she bent down and kissed him good-night.

There, then, he lay, dreamily watching the dismal reflection of the gas playing upon the walls and ceiling and blending luridly with the silver beams of the moon—until, as the house rocked under a terrific explosion, he sprang dizzily to his feet, his blood freezing in his veins. Instantly the room filled with smoke, and choked and gasping he groveled on the floor. There were sounds of stumbling footsteps upon the stairs—the hysterical shrieks of a woman—and then the loud cries of the men outside maddened him with a sudden fear and nerved his heart and limbs.

"Daisy! Daisy!" called the father, flinging wide open the door of the kitchen.

A current of air swept across the floor and revived the scout. With one bound he cleared the distance to the stairway door, vainly striving to free his shackled hands.

"I am in * * * the garret right above you." He remembered the words, and, with close-set lips and aching lungs, dashed blindly through the blistering smoke and flame up to the second landing. His bound hands touched a knob, and the next instant he had sprung into the room and closed the door behind him

"Daisy—little Daisy!"

There was a glad cry at the window and she ran back to meet him

"I knew you would come. I knew it! I knew it!"

"Daisy! Daisy! jump down, we will catch you!" screamed voices from the ground below.

The scout looked out on the black smoke and the blazing ruins beneath, and let his eye rest for a moment on the frantic form of the mother.

"Come, Daisy, darling," he said; "kiss me. Now climb upon my back and hold me fast around the neck. There, little one, lean out now and breathe the air and listen."—— "It's all right!" he shouted cheerfully to the crowd below. "I'll bring her safely down; only clear the way."

"Daisy," he said, "promise me you'll make them bury me under the oak beside Ossie, and that you'll come and visit us both as before—will you, darling?"

"Oh, yes; I'll come every day."

He leaned down and held his hands over a tongue of fire that shot upward from the window beneath. The cords snapped, and the scout, erecting himself again, seized Daisy's little form in his strong arms and knelt in the embrasure of the window.

"Are you afraid, Daisy?" he said, smiling calmly at her.

"O, no."

"Good-bye then, darling, and remember."

"I'll remember"—and she reached her lips to his—"Good-bye."

Then he sprang like a panther out beyond the flame and smoke; and when they unwound his loving arms from the unhurt child, the red reflection of the fire was shining on his smiling face, the moonbeams played like a halo about his head and the brave soul was swiftly speeding from his crushed and bleeding body.

Presently Daisy, grown restive under the rapturous embraces of her parents, tripped laughingly away and knelt by the scout's side.

"Are you playing 'possum?" she asked, gazing quizzically at him.

He shook his head and strove very hard to speak. The violet eyes suddenly dimmed, and she leaned over him in alarm.

"Oh! you weren't in earnest! You aren't going away like Ossie?"

The scout smiled assent; and his eyes grew fixed and glassy gazing into hers.

—*Melville Phillips, in Philadelphia Press.*

TRUE ECONOMY.

Foolish Saving Which Is Every Bit as Bad as Foolish Spending.

There is quite as much foolish saving as foolish spending, but the naturally prudent mind does not at first see this. The wisest way to obey Ben Franklin is not to "care for the pence" by hoarding them. The cheapest is not always that which costs the least money. It is poor economy that saves at the market and pays the doctor. The books that cost the least are not always the most economical to buy. The over-work of the house-mother, when the children are young, to save the wage of a servant, and in old age be able to live only at a "poor, dying rate" with always a nurse or physician in attendance, is a poor way to make the "pounds take care of themselves." To bend over the children's garments until sight and health fail, to save the price of a few pairs of French kid boots going to a seamstress, is neither economy, frugality nor common sense. The starving the intellect by putting the price of a few books where it will "draw interest" is a poor economy of the means given for to-day's use. True economy is a wise spending as well as a wise saving. Economy is a virtue; parsimony is a vice. The one who practices the first is rich; the one who practices the latter, though he have millions, is always poor. The one who practices the first will eat wholesome food, and wear as comfortable garments as he can afford, all the while feeling that what he can not have he will not want. The other will invite dyspepsia at fifteen-cent lunch counters, look like a walking advertisement of an "old clo's" dealer, constantly wanting what he will not procure, and pass his time in a continual worry lest he spent his old age in the poor-house.

As we go over this road but once, we must get all the comfort out of life to-day that we ever expect to get for this day! Our children are never children but once, and if their lives are made hard and barren that we may practice for them a false economy, saving for some future day which they may never see, the day will surely come when we shall wish that we could undo what time has taken from our reach.

Real poverty is to go through life starved for the good things of this world. But let us not mistake what the "good" is. We are not thinking of riches, or fame, or beauty, or dress, when we use the word "good." We were thinking of the books almost within one's reach, and for which the mind hungers with a keener sensation that experienced from physical hunger; of the hunger for privileges denied because the toiling and spinning of the six days has made the body so weary that entire physical rest for the Sabbath is an absolute necessity. Starved for a comfortable home—as simply comfortable as one may devise—and all through life sit upon a hard chair, look upon bare walls, and walk upon dingy floors; we know of men and women who do this that they may accumulate more land, more stock; that they may tear down and build larger. Economy is a wise saving; economy is a wise spending. The miserly moral proverb: "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," may be true, but it is true, also, that there are many who in trying to save life only lose it.—*Christian Union.*

—There are said to be enough of German waiters in London to seize Woolwich Arsenal by a sudden movement. It occasions no alarm, however, for, though waiters carry every thing before them, they never make sudden movements.—*Philadelphia Call.*

HONEST CHEESE.

Circumstances Which Prevent It from Becoming a Common Article of Food.

Fifteen years ago we were accustomed to "point with pride" to American cheese, especially that made in large factories. The European demand for it was large, and increasing every year. The consumption of cheese was extending in all parts of the country. Many were advocating cheese as a substitute for meat during the warmer portions of the year. It was claimed that cheese was cheaper than fresh meat that was bought of butchers at retail; that it contained no waste, as beef does; that it did not require to be cooked before it was brought to the table, and that it was as nutritious and more palatable than most kinds of meat. Cheese was recommended instead of fresh meat for people who practiced light housekeeping. Farmers who were not able to supply their table with fresh meat during the summer were advised to purchase cheese in boxes of factory men or wholesale grocers. They were assured that it was an economical as well as a most excellent article of food. The late Horatio Seymour advocated the adoption of a cheese ration in the army and navy. Several urged the propriety of teaching the Indians to eat cheese instead of so much meat, and advocated adding cheese to the list of provisions furnished those kept on reservations.

Just as American cheese made in large factories had secured a deserved reputation and was having an extensive sale at home and abroad, complaints were heard about its quality. Consumers declared that it was deficient in richness and flavor. It soon became known that much of it was made of skimmed or separated milk. The cream obtained by skimming the milk that had been placed in large vessels in tanks supplied with spring water, or had been separated by the use of a machine, was made into "gilt-edged" butter, while the milk, entirely innocent of cream, was manufactured into an article of ordinarily branded "full-cream cheese." People who were imposed upon in this way were very cautious about buying cheese in the future. At the end of a few months there was no market for cheese made of skimmed or separated milk, though it might be offered under an attractive name. So much skimmed milk cheese was at length put on the market that quantities of it sold for less than the cost of making and shipping it. Many manufacturers then resorted to substituting oleomargarine oil, purified lard, neutral fats and various other animal and vegetable products for cream, in order to secure richness for their cheese. A very large proportion of the cheese found in any market in this country is made of separated milk and fats not found in cream.

Cheese made of these materials is probably wholesome, but it does not have the fine flavor of cheese that is made of entire milk, neither does it present as good an appearance. The objections urged against imitation butter are equally strong against imitation cheese. The prejudice against the first extends to the last, and is quite as general. If people give the price demanded for "full cream" cheese they expect to get what they pay for. Many of the prejudices in relation to articles of food are unreasonable, but as they are often inherited, and ordinarily of very long standing, it is difficult, if not impossible, to remove them. The demand for cheese for home consumption has greatly declined since people became suspicious about its composition. They know that a superior article of both butter and cheese can not be made from the same batch of milk. They have reason to believe that most of the creamery butter is true to name, and they accordingly think cheese manufactured in the same establishment is a compound of skimmed-milk, curd and fats not found in cream. They like the new processes for making and curing cheese, but they are opposed to the new ingredients employed in cheese-making.

The retail price of cheese in all our large towns tends to greatly reduce sales. Though the best domestic cheese is quoted at wholesale in this city at from eight to nine cents per pound, the retail prices are about double these. People naturally object to paying retailers a profit of one hundred per cent. on what should be a common article of food. Retail grocers say, probably with good reason, that cheese is not a common article of food. They state that it is an article of luxury, on which retailers are expected to make a large profit. They declare that the purchasers of cheese are few, and that they buy sparingly. They complain of the waste of cheese on account of its surface becoming dry after it is cut. The loss on account of the cut surface, which presents an unfavorable appearance, is largest when sales are slow. The retail trade in cheese appears to be unsatisfactory to both dealers and customers. The retail price of cheese is too high to admit of its being a common article of food. What is bought is chiefly desired as a condiment. But, as most of the domestic cheese is lacking in richness and flavor, it is not as desirable for a condiment as many articles that can be obtained at a lower price.

Like several other articles, cheese changes hands many times before it passes from the manufacturer to the consumer. When factories were first started, many farmers and mechanics bought cheese for their families at the places where they were made. We hear nothing of this trade now. Nearly all the cheese manufactured for many years have been of too large size to be cut and used by an ordinary family to advantage. The fashion for the large Cheddar cheese, which are now generally made in this country, was brought from England when the requirements of the market demanded them. Where cheese is a more common article of food, the population is more dense and sales are more brisk. It is wise and well to make cheese for export of the size wanted in foreign countries, but it also seems to be wise to make some cheese suitable for the supply of small retailers and the requirements of ordinary families. An increased consumption of cheese is desirable, and manufacturers should study the demands of the home as well as those of the foreign market. They should seek customers in the neighborhoods where they live, and cater to the appetite of epicures.—*Chicago Times.*

MARKETING HONEY.

Quick and Profitable Sales Largely Depending on the Style of Package.

With those who make bee culture a specialty the marketing of their honey becomes a matter of much concern. Even those who produce honey in moderate amounts are sometimes puzzled how to dispose of it to the best advantage. With a surplus product of from one thousand to six thousand pounds the difference of a half cent per pound in price amounts to quite a sum in the aggregate. Style and neatness in preparing either comb or extracted honey for market has an important bearing upon the results. If taken into market in a solid state and dealt out in a slovenly manner no one need expect remunerative prices. This was well illustrated recently in an adjoining city where marketing from wagon is still in vogue. One producer offered his one-pound sections of honey neatly placed in paper boxes, with fancy labels, being both attractive to the sight and handy for customers to carry to their homes. His honey sold readily, while that of another producer, scarcely half a block away, dealt out in broken masses and a clumsy manner, hardly sold at all, even though offered at much cheaper rates.

Style of package has much to do with quick sales nowadays, and this is no less true in selling honey than any other product. With some apiarists the idea prevails that there is an overproduction of honey, as of almost every other production; hence the depressed prices. But every thing else is correspondingly lower, it must be remembered, and sales are slow in almost every department of trade. It is, perhaps, nearer the truth to assert that the unsystematic methods of producing and offering honey for sale have much to do with depressing the honey market. The aforementioned incident of methods of honey selling will illustrate this point.

Again, enterprising apiarists have put up their honey in small, pound and half-pound jelly glasses, which, neatly labeled, generally meet with quick sales if placed at the country groceries. Comb honey, if produced in small sections, can likewise be offered in the same way, placed in twenty-pound cases with panels of glass inserted in one side to show the snowy combs. A little pains on the part of the storekeeper in calling attention to the honey will generally result in the disposal of a good quantity of it.

But the main object of this article is to suggest and impress upon those who produce honey the importance of creating a honey market for honey. It is no wild assertion to state that scarcely half the American people make use of honey as an article of diet. Its virtues and medicinal qualities are, in fact, but little realized; the fault lies at the door of the producer. The introduction of honey into general use as a staple article of use only need be accomplished to create a regular and continental demand for it. This has been accomplished in various ways. Some bee-keepers have sent small, free samples to each family, with statement of price per pound and in quantities. Others have circulated small, neat pamphlets (gotten up for the purpose), giving the virtues and advantages of honey *versus* the glucose and similar products.

All the methods given above may be combined with success. A little energy and push will accomplish much in creating a home market, even in small villages. When the miserable glucose mixtures, falsely termed "golden drip," etc., are superseded by the daily use of pure honey, then will the many forms of disordered stomachs and kindred complaints (superinduced by the excess of acid in those self-same glucose compounds) cease, and health, wealth and happiness ensue as a consequence.—*Practical Farmer.*

ONIONS FROM SETTS.

A Plan Which Saves a Large Amount of Labor in Cultivation.

We raise a few onions for our own use, and have about made up our minds to sow no more black seed. We have raised a fine patch from setts at less than half the cost of growing from black seed; that is, less than half the cost of labor. To be sure the setts cost considerably more than the seed would have cost for the same amount of land, but we have provided for this another year by raising our own setts.

It does not pay to depend on buying setts. They are often hard to find, and always cost from fifteen to twenty cents per quart. As every one who has planted them knows, a quart will go but a little way. I find that I can raise half a bushel of setts upon a rod of ground, and with little labor. A half bushel of them will plant a big patch—more than any one family will care to grow for their own use.

My preference for raising onions from the setts is on account of the labor saved in cultivation. Seeds sown early in spring, as they usually are, start slowly, and the plants grow but little for several weeks. By the time the onions are well out of the ground, the weeds have completely covered them, so that the rows can with difficulty be followed. It is hard to keep a bed clean when the weeds once get a foot-hold like this. With the setts the case is entirely different. They start quickly and throw up a rapid growth which leads the weeds from the start. For the main winter supply, the setts need not be put into the ground until corn-planting time.

Some claim that onions from the setts are stronger than the onions from seed; but I can discover little difference in them. I expect something strong when I tackle an onion any way.—*W. D. Boynton, in American Garden.*

—With fine ground raw phosphates as the basis of operations, we can now obtain complete manures for every culture, made according to any formula, and containing in a readily available and assimilable form all the ingredients called for.—*Troy Times.*

A JERSEY OPENING.

One of the Most Handsome Compliments Ever Paid to a Humorist.

If you are waiting in the depot at Trenton, N. J., you can walk up an inclined sidewalk about a hundred feet, turn to the right over the tracks, and walk another hundred, and you will find an old bob-tailed street car and two crazy-looking hacks waiting to carry you up town. There is no rivalry between the car and the hacks, unless it is to see which can assume the most antiquated expression of countenance. When I walked out there the mule attached to the car was lying down, the mules on the carriage were leaning against a railing, and the three drivers were playing pedro in the shade of a stunted elm.

My advent on the scene produced no consternation. The mules shut their eyes the harder and one of the men slowly raised his eyes to the level of my knees and remarked that he claimed high, low and the game. That was all right. He looked like a hard-working young man and I did not begrudge him his luck. I walked past the three without being accosted, made another turn to the left, and after a short walk reached the bridge over the Delaware river. A few hundred feet above the bridge a factory girl was learning to swim, and I was noticing how much more awkwardly a woman kicks out in the water than a man when a stranger approached from the other end and saluted me with:

"Are you a philanthropist?"

"Yes, sir."

"You feel for your fellow-men?"

"I do."

"Willing to help a man who is down?"

"I am."

"Good! I am the only son of a widow. I am employed in that brick factory up there as book-keeper and cashier. In a moment of weakness I took fifty dollars of the company's money to bet on base-ball and I lost every dollar of it. To-night my embezzlement will be discovered and my mother and myself will be forever disgraced. I came here to jump off the bridge and seek a watery grave, but I can be saved."

"How?"

"You will give me the money to make good the defalcation. Oh! sir, how can I ever show my gratitude?"

"Give it up. So you bet on base-ball?"

"Yes, sir."

"What club?"

"The New Yorkers.

"Oh, you did? Didn't bet on the Detroits?"

"Not a red."

"Then you'll have to make the jump off the bridge. I never saw a game of base-ball in my life, but I won't go back on my own town. If you had bet on the De"——

"Say!" he interrupted, "I did win ten dollars on the Chicago club."

"Then you'll have to jump twice! The enmity between Detroit and Chicago is implacable. If you had lost three hundred dollars on the Phillies I could have forgiven you, but to have won ten dollars on the Chicagos, and that in all probability in a game over the Detroits—you'll have to go."

"Stranger, think of my mother!"

"I daren't do it. My wife is naturally of a jealous disposition, and it wouldn't do."

He walked to and fro for three or four minutes, and then he stopped and said:

"If I had twenty-five dollars perhaps mother could raise the rest by mortgaging the household furniture. It seems hard to die at my age."

"So it does. There's going to be good rabbit hunting this winter. Will you smoke before you go?"

"Well, yes; I suppose a man might as well smoke on the gallows as do any thing else. You couldn't spare twenty dollars, could you?"

"Couldn't do it."

"Nor ten?"

"Nor ten."

"Still you seem to have some good streaks about you."

"Thanks."

"You might advance me five dollars, and I'll telegraph my brother in Camden and see if he won't make up the balance."

"Yes, I might."

"And you will?"

"No."

We smoked for about five minutes in silence, watching the suckers swimming over the sand-bank below, and then he turned and asked:

"What's your particular lay?"

"I work the confidence racket?"

"I thought so—shake! That's my racket, too, and I'd like to travel with you for a month. We can pick up five hundred dollars a week at Long Branch as long as we care to stay. I know three suckers who are already there and aching for us to come down."

I had to decline on the ground of other business, and at parting he shook my hand and said:

"Well, if we meet anywheres we'll go snooks on the racket. You've got a look which would deceive old Pinkerton himself."—*M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.*

—"What kind of a dog is that you have?" asked the editor, addressing the foreman of the composition-room. "I call him a compositor dog," was the answer; "it's a name I invented myself," said the foreman, as he helped himself to a cigar from the editor's box. "Why do you apply the name to him? What resemblance has a dog to a compositor, or vice versa?" "Well, this dog is a setter." Then the editor, with a melancholy look, turned to complete his article on "the lesson on the great strikes."—*Boston Herald.*

—At the last meeting of the Brotherhood of Unmitigated Liars, Bill Bledso stated that he was the most inveterate liar in Heppner. He told the truth, thereby violating one of the rules of the society, for which he was fined ten dollars, to be applied to the Ananias monument fund. — *Heppner (Ore.) Gazette.*

—Westchester County, N. Y., supports 181 foreigners in four different insane asylums. The county also supports 379 foreign paupers at its own almshouse.—*N. Y. Herald.*